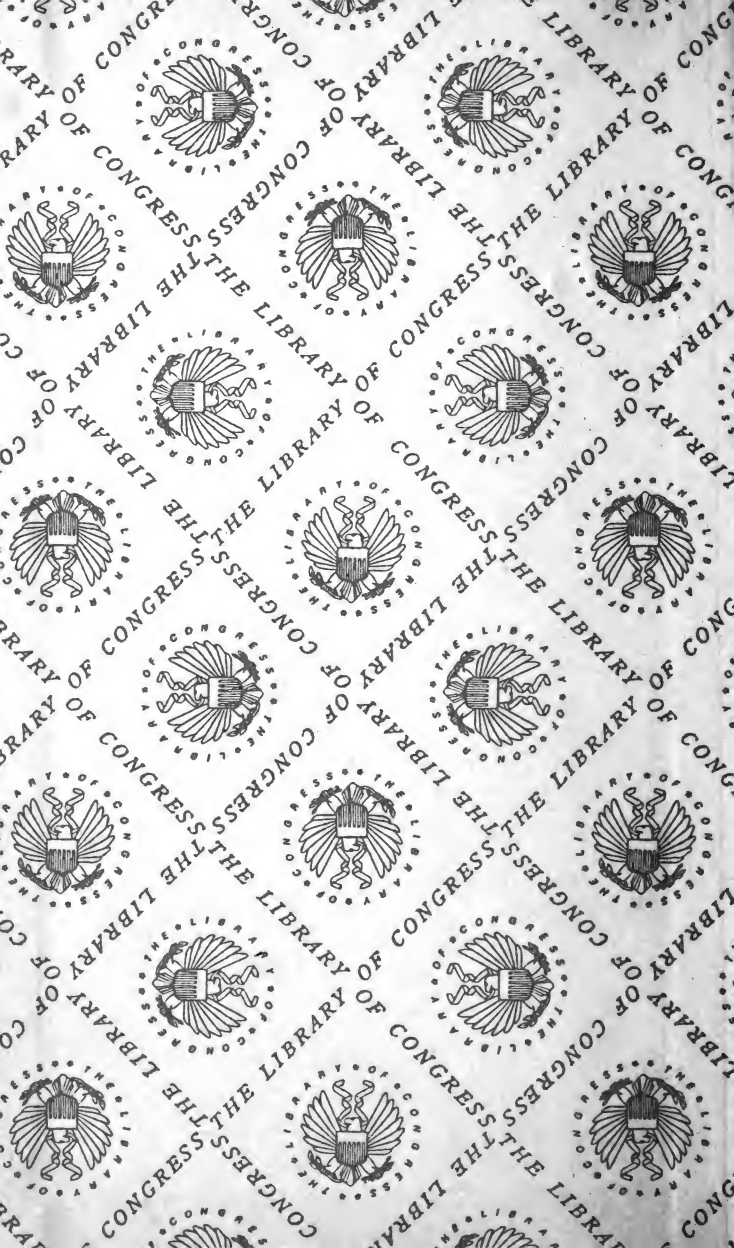
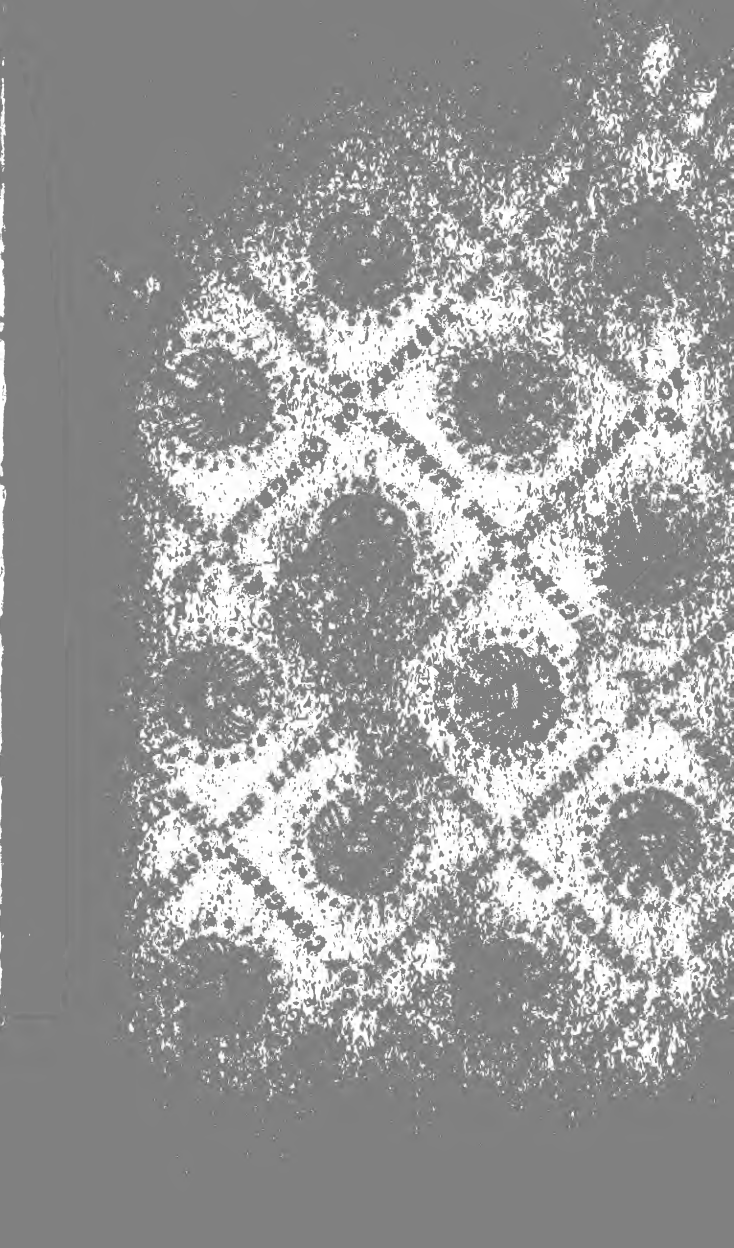


PS 1260

.C2 P6









CARR'S POEMS

*added to the library
at Warrington, Dec*
COMPOSED BY

by the author
ELBRIDGE GERRY CARR

MEXICO, MAINE, U. S. A.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

RUMFORD FALLS, ME.:

TIMES JOB PRINT.

1898.

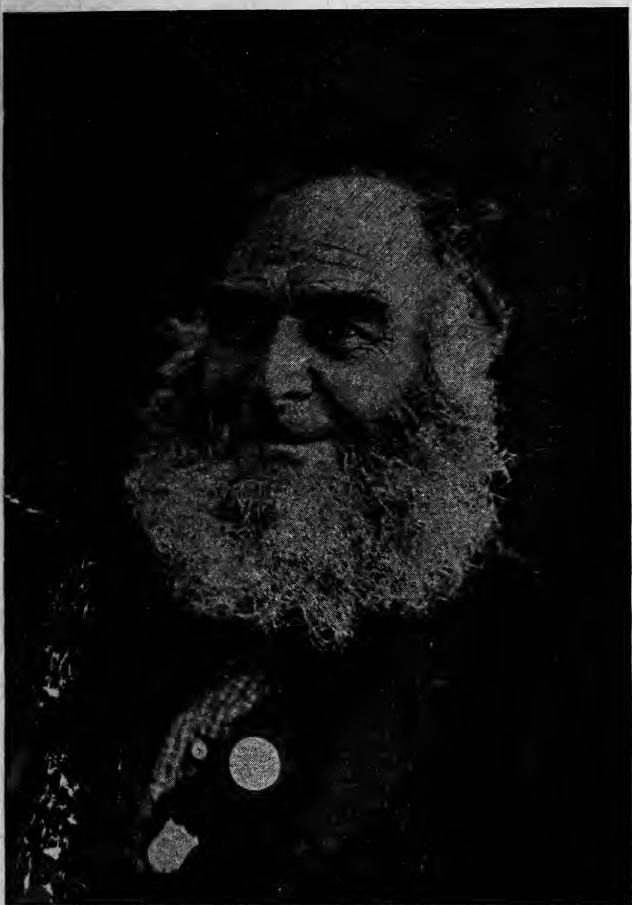


ELBRIDGE GERRY CARR * * *



The composer of this small volume is a descendant of ANDREW CARR, Baron of the house of Fernihurst, Scotland, in the 15th Century. Also, ROBERT CARR of the house of Somerset, made EARL by JAMES THE VI of Scotland and I of England in A. D. 1613. EARL ROBERT was high treasurer of England and Scotland. WILLIAM CARR a descendant of ANDREW CARR, married SUSAN ROTHSCHILDS a rich heiress in A. D. 1619, and came to America in A. D. 1621 on board the ship Fortune, commanded by ROGER WILLIAMS. ELBRIDGE GERRY CARR the eighth descendant of WILLIAM and SUSAN CARR, has in his possession the CARR Coat of Arms of the house of Somerset. MR. CARR has also a reward of merit from VICTORIA, Queen of England in form of a Silver Badge, it being for poems written for her. He has a badge from the STATE OF MAINE COMMITTEE for the Columbian Exhibition, entitled the *Star of Honor as poet.*





ELBRIDGE GERRY CARR, 1898.



CARR'S . POEMS

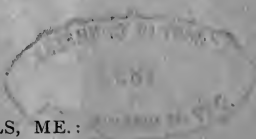
COMPOSED BY

ELBRIDGE GERRY CARR.

MEXICO, MAINE, U. S. A.

33

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.


RUMFORD FALLS, ME.:

TIMES JOB PRINT.

1898.

S

25

PS 1260
C2 P6

28937
PREFACE.

It is the desire of most people to know something of the great poets of the present and the past ages of the world. This book of poems I have composed in memory of my companions, and other miscellaneous poems I have composed are from the passing scenes of life, by patience, perseverance and study. Neither could such a work be done slightly, for every statement is to be thrown before a scrutinizing public. It is necessary, therefore, that not an assertion should be made without the most rigorous investigation and scrutiny.



CARR'S . POEMS.

Scenes of Youth with My First Bride, Beside the Merrimac River, Mass.

SET FOR MUSIC.

Beside the grand old Merrimac,
We sat, my lovely bride and I,
Affectionate and true,
A pair of friends, though I was young,
And she but twenty-one.

We sat beneath a spreading oak,
Beside a lovely mossy seat,
From the turf a fountain broke,
And gently gurgled at our feet—
Thus the grand old river meets.

And now, said I, let us match
This dancing water's pleasant tune,
With some old familiar song,
That suits a pleasant summer's morn,
And sing the sweet refrain.

I heard the church clock and the chimes
Sing here beneath the lonely shade,
That I oft heard before,
In days of childhood as of yore,
Thy chimes I'll hear no more.

In silence Julia sat and eyed
The flowing spring beneath the tree,
The youthful man replies,
The curly haired youth of glee,
That sat beneath the tree.

No check, no stay, this river fears,
How merrily, merrily it goes,
'Twill flow a thousand years,
And flow as now it ever flowed,
And the bard sees it flow.

And now I am an aged man,
And here on this delightful day,
I cannot chose but think
How oft a vigorous man I sat
Beside this river's brink.

My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is sadly, sadly stirred,
The sound is in my ears,
Which in those happy days I heard
The roaring of the waters.

And now I am three score and ten,
My days, my friends, are almost gone,
My life has been approved;
Many old and young have sung my song,
And love its breath to charm.

My Bride's Dreamless Sleep.

Aye, lay her down to her dreamless sleep,
In a solitary grave 'neath earth's green breast,
Death has called her away, this day I weep
For my companion I loved so well.

Yet how costly was the gift for me,
It was but one but she was my all.
What wonder tears o'er her should fall,
With a blessing I left her to rest.

I fondly thought for a little space,
But a short time then these lips of mine will
Be dumb and cold in death's embrace,
The merry days pass on with a smile.

Each bringing me nearer to the grave,
I'll watch in vain for her return,
To soothe the grief that in my heart,
But no answer comes back to me again.

Those lips of thine by death are sealed,
With visions of glory almost revealed,
She sleeps where no care can cumber,
To disturb her peaceful slumber.

In Memory of My Bride.

Soothed by the murmur of the evening breeze,
Thy fond fair face nestled upon my breast,
Thy raven curly locks the breezes blew,
Her youthful life was of the brightest hue.

Thy small white hand with my own intertwining,
Awhile I gazed into thy dark brown eyes,
That upward glancing mingled in their shining,
The love of Heaven and light of paradise.

Thus did we sit, our hearts together beating,
Of the bright future that to us appeared,
While silver stars above us silent beaming,
Reflected their beauty in our happy tears.

Long toilsome years since has past and she rests
Beneath the starry sky and her life is fled,
Alas! those happy hours are forever blest,
And now she sleeps among the tranquil dead.

Lines Composed on the Death of My First Bride,

Who died May 6, 1849, JULIA CARR, aged
23 years and 6 days.

My young and gentle bride whose smiles
Which made bright summer hours,
Amid the fragrance of springtime,
Has left me with the flowers.

No paling of the cheek of bloom,
Forewarned me of decay;
No shadow from the silent tomb,
Fell round our bridal way.

The light of her young life went down,
As sinks behind the hills,
The glory of the setting sun,
Clear, serenely and still.

As pure and sweet her fair brow seemed,
Eternal as the skies,
And like the brook's low song, her voice,
A sound which could not die.

And half I deemed she needed not
The change of her sphere,
To give to Heaven a shining one,
Who walked an angel here.

The blessings of her quiet life,
Fell on me like the dew,
And good thoughts where her footsteps pressed,
Like fairy blossoms green.

Sweet prompting unto kindest deeds,
Were in her very look,
I read her face as one who reads
A true and holy book.

The measure of a blessed hymn,
To which our hearts could move,
The breathing of an inward psalm,
A canticle of love.

I miss her in the place of prayer,
And by the hearth fire light,
I pause beside her door to hear,
Her sweet prayer at night.

There seems a shadow on the day,
Her smiles no longer cheers,
A dimness on the stars of night,
Like eyes that look through tears.

Alone unto our Father's will,
One thought hath reconciled,
That He whose love exceedeth ours,
Hath taken home His child.

Keep her, oh Father, in thy care,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
My human heart and hers.

Still let her mild rebuking stand,
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory to make,
My faith in goodness strong.

And grant that she who trembling stood,
May welcome to her home,
Her well-beloved faithful one,
To sing God's holy praise.

Lines on the Death of My Second Bride,

ABBY PAGE CARR, who died March 12,
1889, aged 76 years, 5 days.

Thou who has made my home of life so pleasant,
Leaves me now in old age and decay;
Love divine, a help ever present,
Be thou my strength and stay.

Be near me when all else is from me drifting,
Take not my bride from shade and shining,
Thy kind face to my own uplifting,
Thy love which answers mine.

I have but thee, oh Father, let Thy spirit
Be with me to comfort and uphold,
No gates of pearl or palms I merit,
Nor streets of shining gold.

Suffice it if my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace,
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned,
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among the many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where striving cease,
And blows through Heaven's green expansion,
The river of thy peace.

There from the music 'round about me stealing,
I fain would learn new and holy songs,
And find beneath Thy tree of healing,
The light for which I long.

LINES.

MUSIC.

My gentle bride is sleeping,
The slumber of the blest,
Unmindful of my weeping,
She peacefully doth rest.

Death set his seal on her brow,
And took her for his prey,
She then bowed her head to death,
And here alone I weep.

She rests now, no more her breast
Heaves with its merry breath,
Pain sets no more on her brow,
Where lies the calm of death.

She early loved the Saviour,
And chose the better part,
Hers was a spirit ever true,
A tender loving heart.

How much her aged companion,
Will miss her tender care,
May Heaven send me comfort,
Is my heart's earnest prayer,

Yet better sustain my load,
I bear the weight alone,
I would not one heart should share,
I'll bear my grief alone.

We covered her with flowers,
We robed her for the tomb,
But on thy turf roses rear,
Thus to dispel the gloom.

My Bride's Beauty in Youth.

In youth thy sparkling shining eyes,
Shined like the twinkling star,
As you reclining gazed on the sky,
But those happy days now are afar.

Thy steps were like the nimble roe,
Thy cheeks were like the blushing rose,
As years advanced thy steps were slow,
The rose tint faded from thy cheek.

Age and care had left its traces there,
Yet thy heart was ever true,
In years ago a cherished friend,
Thou sickened at last and perished.

Yet thy memory lives in my heart,
And from me shall never depart;
Yet solitary and alone,
In musing, I oft think of thee.

When sorrow had not come this way,
And grim death had not set its seal,
Upon her noble, noble brow,
Yet to death's mandate we must yield.

While in youth together we walked,
'Twas then our sky was ever clear,
Beneath the sunlit sky we talked,
Nor thought we death were coming near,

In the Dell.

Once I with thee when in the dell,
The twinkling twilight shadows fell,
Inlaid with bars of silvery sheen,
That fell from glittering stars serene;
And in the sunset falling light,
Queen regeant of the autumn night,
In splendor shone the maiden moon,
In its beauty at midnight noon.

One hour with thee, so silent then,
With thoughts too deep for mortal keen,
Involved in that delicious trance,
Our hearts too full for utterance,
Two spirits blended into one,
With pulse beats timed in unison,
We watched the day's departing glow,
And caught the cadence sweet and low.

Lines.

Thine eyes with light e'er shining,
They looked trustingly in mine,
They set life's pulse to music,
And chained my heart to thine.
You won my heart's devotion,
And claimed me as your own,
And took me to your home,
Love's gold without alloy.

CHORUS—When you were a blooming maid,
And I a blushing youth.

Your rosy cheeks with beauty,
Like the ruby hues adorned,
And something in their glow,
Calls back the long ago.
In visions pass before me,
Those seasons e'er fraught with joy,
Are still onward gliding,
And thou in truth abiding.

CHORUS—

We've passed the hill top, darling,
We are on the downward slope,
As down we onward glide,
To meet death's rolling tide.
With evening's gathering shadows,
May we still together cope,
What though life's dream be o'er,
Even death will not destroy.

The love one winsome maid,
Once gave a blushing youth.

The Mariner's Return.

TUNE—"Evening Twilight."

Thou has faced the raging storms,
Of ocean's briny deep,
Whilst tempest around you beat,
Beneath a sailor's feet.

In lands far away you have strayed,
And now you're homeward bound,
Your sturdy anchor you have weighed,
And spread each sail around.

To catch each balmy, balmy gale,
As it onward ever glides,
O'er ocean's dancing rolling tide,
As your barque onward strides.

And now he is safely moored,
On New England's shores,
You'll bid ocean's wave now adieu,
And go to sea no more.

Youth.

In boyhood's young gladsome morning,
As we played around, the sun adorning,
In its beauty blushing arose,
To hear our mother sing the sweet refrain.

There we children used to frolic,
As we gathered in our humble dwelling,
In the starry autumn nights,
To hear our mother sing the sweet refrain.

Where no thought of care and sorrow,
Could our young and merry hearts know or feel,
As we watched our busy mother,
To hear our mother sing the sweet refrain.

Nights there were we could not number,
When gathered round the blazing cabin fire,
In silent glee we were waiting,
To hear our mother sing the sweet refrain.

That mother in the church-yard lies,
She calmly sleeps beneath the vernal sky,
Beneath the sunny skies alone,
No more we'll hear her sing the sweet refrain.

A Sonnet.

Carry me to the highland of Heaven,
Where its fields are ever clothed in green;
Where birds are ever heard to sing,
They are heard in summer and in spring;
Where its forest is verdant with green,
Where flowers ever blooming are seen;
Where angels with harps ever sing,
And make the Heavenly arches ring;
And saints are clothed in garments white,
In this Heavenly choir take delight;
Where angels play on golden harps,
Quick as the pulse can come and go;
My spirit's powers fain would not stay,
O, the heart's own current on its way;
Longing for that land there to stay,
The blest saints fain would soar away,

Lines on the Death of My First Bride,

Who died May 6, 1849.

The nightingale trills her sweet song,
Or sweet to the lark is the shower,
And summer is dear to the bee,
The humming-bird loveth the flowers.
But dearer is my bride to me,
And like the wild billows of ocean,
That circles her shores with her spray,
My heart's love entwines with devotion,
That green grave that lies far away.

Till death shall be my fond duty,
Still I wish to be happy and free,
That immanual eden of beauty,
That smiled once for me, smiles for me.
E'er long in grandeur I shall see,
Alas! that fell tyrant's sway I shall see,
O'er shadows the glory that brightens,
And absence my love it heightens,
That green grave that lies far away.

But dark the clouds of my sorrow,
Though starless and dreamless the nights,
Yet again my bride shall I see,
In that bright morning adorning,
When earth and sea shall set them free.
And proud banner o'er death is gleaming,
Her heroes will boldly display,
And freedom shall bless with its beaming,
That green grave that lies far away.

My Wish.

To earth, sweet bride, return, return,
Return, sweet peace, ethereal being,
Fair blackeyed seraph, power divine,
Descend with thy hallowed blessings,
Wave thy raven locks and spread thy mantle.

Luxuriant plenty in thy train,
Shall crown with stars the poet's fame,
Smiling hopes attendant on thy way,
Shall guide thy path with mild celestial ray,
Descend, oh my bride, daughter of the sky.

Cheer me and brighten all my hopes,
Thy harbinger before thee send,
Thy myrtle scepter o'er earth extend,
Thy cherub looks shall soothe mankind,
Thy cherub, the wounds of discord ever bind.

Thy smile of love shall muse inspire,
The bard shall strike the silver lyre,
Descend to bid the world rejoice,
Let nations hail thee with exulting voice,
Around thy shrine with pure incense there.

Wave the palm and swell the choral song,
Then shall the shepard's flute be heard,
Again shall bloom heaven's fairest flowers,
And music warble in her bower,
And death ne'er again shall break the spell.

The Poet's Fishing Day.

The morning bright and clear the day,
The grass was wet with the dews of May,
I heard the babble of brown brook falling,
And golden wings in the woodside calling.

A glint of ripple, a whirl of foam,
Lured and beckoned me out from home;
My feet grew eager, my eyes grew wide,
And I was off by the brown brook side.

Down in the swamp bottom cool and dim,
I cut me an alder sapling slim,
With nimble fingers I tied my line,
Clear as a sunbeam, strong and fine.

My grasshopper was a living thing,
With tinsel body and striped wing;
Lurk in their watery lair the trout,
But silver and scarlet I lured them out.

With noiseless steps I tread the woods,
Glad of the sun-pierced solitude;
Chattered the kingfisher fierce and shy,
As like a shadow it glided by.

So all day long 'till the day was done,
I followed the stream, I followed the sun,
Then homeward o'er the ridge I went,
The wandering heart of me well content.

Then I sat me down, my trout I cleaned,
That from the babbling brook I'd gleaned;
My frugal meal I then did prepare,
And ate alone with pleasure there.



Lines on the Death of Mrs. Julia Shaw,

Who died in England, August 25, 1893.

Tune: Old Fashioned Bible, in New Jubilee Harp.

Farewell, my dear sister, no more shall I meet thee,
Or gaze on thy face as in fond days of yore,
Thou hast gone to thy rest till thy Savior shall wake
thee,
And deeply I grieve that I'll see thee no more.
Thou went from the land where thy birthright entwined
thee,
With kindred and friends and thy home's sweetest
love,
To die in a land far away among strangers,
To rest from thy toils until summoned above.

CHORUS—

Farewell my dear sister, no more shall I meet thee,
Or gaze on thy face as in fond days of yore.
How quickly my thoughts they turn back to sweet
childhood,
We ran through the fields where the buttercups grew,
With hearts light as air we were strangers to sorrow,
Our free locks were kissed by the evening's sweet
dew.
Long years have since passed, but in memory lingers
The gay dreams of childhood so dear to my heart,
Though time has brought sorrow and many afflictions,
In all of these conflicts you've borne well your part.

CHORUS—

Thy kind deeds of mercy will gain thee admission
To the home of the blessed, so grand and so fair,
Where the hope of this life will there find its fruition,
Eternally freed from this world's troubling care.
I hope soon to meet thee in that blessed city,
When trials of earth shall have all passed away,
To dwell with our Savior forever in glory,
No partings, no death scenes, but one endless day.

CHORUS—



The Rum Shop.

Tuné in New Jubilee Harp.

The rumshop is that den of hell,
Here in our land prevails,
But drunkards cling to and have fell,
This den I oft assail.
May we like Christians break them up,
This habit I deplore,
And to the grave a drunkard brings,
Thus we regret it more.

Long years ago I was a boy,
The drunkard well I knew,
The drink habit they followed then,
Some did to ruin go.
I knew one enterprising boy,
Amidst that early day,
How quick he did himself destroy,
He threw his life away.

He swallowed down the paltry stuff,
He drank both day and night,
It seemed he could not get enough
To calm his appetite.
But ah! the drinks at the rumshops,
Of all drinks 'tis the worst,
But here the toper often stops,
To calm his appetite.

The rumshop is so filthy vile,
Who can admire the place?
A den of hell is such a style,
A hell for man's disgrace.
The drunkard's children cry, I think,
For bread they have not got,
His money he'll spend for drink,
And becomes a sot.

Ladies! the young men, give them up,
I do you this implore,
Choose one that drinks not from the cup,
And henceforth drinks no more.
Shun the drunkard's den, it's the worst,
It is your greatest foe,
Go to the well to slake your thirst,
There you should always go.

**My First and Last Visit with my Sister,
Mrs. Julia Shaw, and her Hus-
band and Daughter,**

In 1885, in Wisconsin. We had not met for nearly
forty years.

We four had met our hearts to cheer,
And old times love again renew,
As in years ago, with cheer,
Our love in each then were true.

In youthful days, when for the race
In life we gladly started in,
How much there was in time's place,
Those the joys we sought to win.

But time and place have set their seal
Upon the hopes of former years,
All there is of present weal,
Has come through prayer and tears.

Much we had to make us thankful,
In God we've learned to trust and love,
Friends a few have proved faithful,
Those we hope to meet again.

Much we had our hearts to sadden,
Oft hath our eyes been filled with tears,
His love our hearts can gladden,
That joy comes in future years.

While climbing up the steps in life,
Old age seemed e'er so far away,
It's caught us all amid the strife,
And turned our youthful locks to gray.

But there is a world, I am told,
Beyond this hill we've been climbing,
Where youthful forms ne'er grow old,
The sun is always shining.

Down the hill of life we're going,
O'er all the summit we have past,
Towards the silent river flowing,
Shall we meet again at last.

Let us live then in days to come,
Whatever storm may be the weather,
When called to our final home,
May we all be there together.

Apostrophe to the Twin Villages, Foxcroft and Dover.

In Foxcroft, in your little city's midst,
Stands a monument to your fallen braves,
Who fought for Freedom's noble cause,
And sleep in many a lonely grave.

Oh, thou, thou great Piscataquis river,
Thou mighty stream of dancing gliding tide,
With leaping cataracts onward ever,
In majesty so nobly, grandly glide.

I still hear the roaring of thy waters,
Precious sound that in my memory clings,
I see the mighty cloud that loiters,
As from thy bosom it gently springs.

Thou grand old stream, yes, how well I love thee,
Even back to days of long, long ago,
When life and beauty around me,
Were filled with energy all aglow.

Still this grand old stream whose mighty waters
Ten thousand lovely shining spindles turn,
Where your city in grandeur stands,
In beauty they ever adorn.

I see your noble village in beauty stand,
Near it flows your noble Piscataquis,
In grandeur through cliffs as smoothly faced,
As by an artist chisel traced.

Scenes on scenes in their mighty grandeur rise,
Till the hills and the landscape kiss the skies,
The States have beauties of their own,
But no State equals the Pine Tree cone.

The Sun.

The sun, I hail thee with delight,
All day thou hast blest my sight,
When thou art gone gloom is the night,
I hail thy beams with delight.

Displayed in every living thing,
Verdant earth with carpet green,
Now comes in the sun's golden rays,
Here this day my heart to cheer.

Thy shining cheers me on the way,
While here all alone I stay,
On life's tempestuous ocean tossed,
Without thy light I am lost.

Thy cheering rays hailed with delight,
But when darkness veils the night,
We'll ever bless thy darkening shade,
Time of rest for man is made.

HYMN.

Beauties of Spring.

The maples on the hills begin
To blossom in gold and red,
And in the elm the bird's nest hangs,
And swings her brood overhead.

The rose hangs her jewels out,
And guards them with a thorn,
The merry farmer boy cuts down
The weeds amongst the corn.

Wonderful glory fills the air,
And big and bright is the sun,
A garment of beauty begins,
A love for the verdant spring.

The lambs in the meadows play,
Beneath the sun's golden rays,
The cuckoo notes is heard to sing,
In the soft and mellow spring.

Now clouds, now rains refreshing,
This is God's holy blessing,
Now sunshine with glittering dews,
A new life to earth infuse.

Here comes the lovely humming bird,
With wings of pink, body green,
Sips from the flowers in time of spring,
These birds the love of the theme.

Next we hear the lark and linnet sing,
List, list to their melodies,
As in the zephyr breezes float,
In some loved forest remote.

The sweet old story of the spring,
Is waning on to its close,
Yet sounds as welcome to the ear
As in time of open year.

But from the flowers and roses,
The bee gets his winter's store,
He gathers honey all day long,
And in his hive stores it well.

Here comes the lovely butterfly
With wings all streaked with gold,
He flies from flower to flower,
And basks beneath the bower.

Here comes a noble lovely group,
The songsters of the groves,
Rejoicing with a happy glee,
The balmy spring now to see.

All the day long we hear them sing,
In time of the opening spring,
Their lovely notes our hearts to cheer,
In the spring time of the year.

Lines on the Death of Mr. Osgood Carr,

Who died in Brownfield, Me., July 10, 1895, aged 66
years, 3 months and 4 days.

(To be sung in the tune of "Home, Sweet Home.")

Sleep on, dearest brother, until the bright dawn,
When thou shalt awake on Eternity's morn,
And thou in thy glory shall dwell evermore,
To shout hallelujahs on Eden's fair shores.

CHORUS—Sleep, sleep, sweet, sweet sleep.
We'll meet thee in glory and nevermore weep.

We long to meet thee, dearest brother, again,
And join with the ransomed the joyous refrain,
When the bridegroom returns in his glory so bright,
To give all his saints happiness and delight.

CHORUS—

No sickness or pain can thy slumber disturb,
For Jesus hath spoken the same in His word.
Death holds thee now captive with numbers untold,
But God will His saints in remembrance hold.

CHORUS—

We lay thee to rest in the cold silent tomb,
Where thou shalt remain until called to thy home,
We longingly wait for the shadows to flee,
Till the ransomed of earth shall be gathered with thee.

CHORUS—

O, glorious hope, 'tis the Christian's delight,
While journeying on to the City of Light,
Where saints all immortal with Christ shall behold
The beautiful streets of the City of Gold.

CHORUS—

O wonderful words of the Gospel are these,
That Jesus will save whosoever believes,
And though He were dead yet again shall He live,
For He that hath promised is just to forgive.

CHORUS—

A Picture of the Past.

Tune "Auld Lang Syne."

The memory of thy gentle face,
So beautiful and bright,
Still haunts my waking hours by day,
My visions of the night.

In dreams I linger by thy side,
And sing with thee again,
The dear old songs we used to sing,
Or join the soft refrain.

Ah, once thy darling face were near,
To cheer me on my way,
It was the solace of the night,
The sunshine of the day.

When care and sorrow weighed me down,
It soothed my aching pain,
When thou wert here to sing to me,
That tender soft refrain.

But now that thou art passed away,
And lain in thy narrow bed,
Yet in the soothing twilight hours,
It still comes back to me.

But for thy sweet and gentle voice,
I sigh and sigh in vain,
What would I give wert thou but here,
To sing the old refrain.

I Have Lain Her to Rest.

The vapors around the mountain curled,
Melt into morn and light awakes the world,
Man has another day to swell the past,
And lead him near the little but his last.
Mighty nature bounds as from her birth,
The sun in the heaven and light on earth,
Flowers in the valley, bright the heavens,
Health on the gale and freshness in the stream.
Mortal man behold her glories shine,
And cry exultingly, "Lord, they are Thine."

A morrow came. She was buried from me,
And grieve who may above the senseless bier,
Earth nor sky will yield a single tear,
Nor clouds shall gather more nor leaf shall fall,
Nor gale breathe forth one sigh for thee.
But creeping things shall revel in their spoil,
And fit thy clay to fertilize the soil,
But where is she, the meteor of a night?
Who lived but to disappear in the morning light,
Where is my bride that came and went?

To leave no other trace of her intent,
Death called her e'er the light of morn was sent,
All her dreams of better life above
But closed in one eternal gust of love,
With eyes that were a language for a spell,
And thou art with the saints ever to dwell,
Thou shalt sing ever in Eden's morn,
And with the angels ever be adorned,
And sing evermore on that bright shore,
And shout with all the heavenly choir.

My First Bride.

Lines upon the death of JULIA CARR.

Yes, it is over. Life's battle is won,
And calmly she rests, free from care.
Lift from the sable pall my noble bride
And bear her to the churchyard.
Slowly, slowly, bear her forth,
Wake not the sounds of lamentation,
Thoughts far too sad those notes will bring,
When to the grave my glorious flower is borne.

Speak not of death. In my cottage
There is too much of woe;
Hushed be the empty voice of fame;
Call her back—her whose graceful head is low.

Speak not of death to me,
The sunny hours are gone;
Her ancient portrait hangs on my wall,
I must sink ere long—I had but her, but one.

Within my household cot,
The hearth will soon be cold;
With me must die the beacon fires
That steamed at midnight from my cottage.

Then let them fade since this must be,
My lovely and my jewel;
Thy bright life were spent in toil for me,
And is there but for stately youth a grave?

Speak to me once again, my bride,
Wilt thou not hear my call;
Thou wert so full of life and joy,
I had not dreamed of this, that thou couldst die.

Thou didst not seem as one to die,
With all thy young renown,
Yea, saw I the messenger of death
Hovering o'er her youthful form.

Rest, with your still and solemn fame;
The hills keep record of your name,
And never come a touch of shame
To darken thy fair brow.

But we on changeable days are cast,
When bright names from their place fall fast,
And ye that with your glory passed,
We can mourn you now.

Since then death has lain its hand
On scenes all around me;
Dear friends whom I have fondly cherished
When life and health were all aglow.

Poem.

[It was composed March 22, 1889, upon the death of Mrs. Abbie Carr, who died March 12, 1889, by her husband.]

'Twas in life's young gladsome morn,
Her cheeks the rose tint bore;
'Twas not for those who pleasure quaffed,
Howe'er bewitched by guile.

'Twas not in pride or worldly power,
Nor fame so much desired,
Nor being born in favored hour,
With wond'rous gifts inspired.

But 'twas in friendship deep refined,
She gave to me her heart and hand;
In life's bright morn,
Heaven grants the best request.

She who with patience and with will,
With fortitude and might,
Each day its duties well fulfill,
In striving for the right;

May rest assured that they will find
What gold can never buy,
Nor pride and power and fame combined,
Nor selfishness supply.

The consciousness of being right,
With thoughts and motives pure,
And ever doing with delight,
Love's fruitage to secure,

Brings smiles from heaven such eyes to greet,
True peace such hearts to cheer,
While earth responds with joys replete,
God's angels hov'ring near.

For these long years of wedded love,
We joined in thankful lay,
Assured in heart of Heaven above,
As gathered on our bridal day.

Through all these swift eventful years,
This song of life you've sung;
It breaks to-day upon sorrowing hearts
Of many, old and young,

Who gather 'round her sable pall;
With tearful eyes and aching hearts
You bear her forth;
This day she's numbered with the dead.

As friend we hear it from the past,
We catch the sweet refrain,
And pray that such life-song may last
Till Beulah's land you gain.

And even then would hear it more,
Our hearts on earth to bless;
Reminds us of days of yore,
And present good impress.

It bids us not to live in vain,
But triumph more and more
O'er sin and wrong—the truth maintain,
Enriching every day.

No more her voice will be heard
In humble prayer,
In your social gathering,
As upon that bridal eve.

Hymn.

Tune, Auld Lang Syne.

Love was her work and work was love,
Her heart proved ever warm,
Beloved one, she prayerful strove,
To shield from every storm.
What faith divine her life displayed,
How true her trust in God,
Naught could molest nor make afraid,
The path of truth she trod.

At rest, sweet bride, freed from all pain,
Sweet peace while here below,
A spotless robe in life she wrought,
And wore it at life's close.
Long years devoted to the cause
Of virtue, truth and love,
Have served the letter of God's laws,
And earnest pure joy and love.

And like the lark's low song her voice,
A sound which could not die,
And all thy wandering ceased at last,
Thy voice is hush'd in death.
My humble bark will gladly wait,
Till grim, grim death shall come,
To call thy erring child, "Come home,
And sit down on thy throne."

Dens of Hell.

Will old Bay State, our neighbor, still
Send to us her longnecks filled,
To ruin young men of our State,
And send them to a drunkard's fate?

Is **this** your noble country's rule,
Are your officers the rummy's tools,
Shall we as men look on and grin,
And work and vote for such a sin?

Our laws are good and sound and great,
In this our grand old Pine Tree State,
But men are scarce who have the grit,
To send rumsellers to the pit.

Let's vote for men of courage bold,
And not for men with purse of gold,
For men that will the law enforce,
And stop rumsellers in their course.

Was not that spirit born to shine,
To breathe with saints the light divine,
Where yonder stars and sun are glowing,
From God's own holy altar flowing.

We'll raise our banners high and wide,
And spread its folds from tide to tide,
When prohibition is enthroned
In every State and every home.

Description of a Battle between Capt. Chamberlain and Paugus, an Indian Chief.

Two warriors met in deadly strife,
Each striving for the other's life,
Backed by their warrior's sturdy host,
To win the day and give a toast.

Behind the trees the red men sneak,
The burnished beauty of his cheek
Shines brighter than his glittering spear,
And in his eye there is no fear.

We see them close in deadly strife,
Each striving for the other's life,
The stream runs crimson with their blood,
The field was gory where they stood.

By Lovell's pond they wash their guns,
And laugh and talk and drink their rum,
With steady aim they raise their rifles,
Paugus in death was surely stifled.

That shot it sent their chieftain home,
The warrior died without a groan,
In silence then the victors went,
And joined his host on pleasure bent.

'Twere here our noble sons of freedom,
Fought the reds till they had treed 'em,
While round our flag the heros rally,
And give three cheers for Capt. Chally.

Ode to Peace.

Not all the storms that shake the poles
Can e'er disturb the poet's soul,
His smooth unaltered brow,
His rhyme in simplest verse arrayed,
With all his soul's cheer displayed,
To bless man's longing sight.

His lines composed with even space,
With neat regard for matron's grace,
And chaste subdued delight,
Wherever I in pleasure roam,
O gently guide my pilgrim feet,
To find the hermit home.

Beneath the pure ethereal sky,
Beneath thy soft indulgent eye,
Where modest virtues dwell,
Wisdom were e'er thy noble choice,
And oft we hear thy soothing voice,
Low whispering through the shade.

With simplicity ever blest,
And innocence with candid breast,
With clear undaunted eye,
And hope who points to distant years,
Fair opening thro' this vale of tears,
With a hope of heaven.

Where peace, thro' whose calm bosom glides
Like the joys of evening tide,
That gently ebbs and flows,
And patience there thy sister meek,
Presents her mild unerring cheek,
To meet the offered blow.

Thy influence taught the phrygian sage
A tyrant master's wanton rage
With settled smiles to meet.
Inured to toil and bitter bread,
He bowed his meek submitted head
And kiss'd thy sainted cheek.

But thou, O peace, in thee I'll dwell,
In the brown hamlet in the dell,
To tell thy tender tale,
The lowliest children of the ground,
The rose and violet blossoms 'round,
And lilies of the vale.

O say, what sweet and happy hours,
I'll even choose to hail thy power,
And count thy gentle sway,
When autumn, friendly to the muse,
Shall thy own yellow tints diffuse,
And shed thy leaf away.

My Treasure.

My treasure lies in the dark, deep grave,
Where hope shall never reach ;
A friendless beggar I wander now,
With whitened locks and wrinkled brow.

No tender mother came to give relief,
By telling her my tale of grief,
Of my bride who was my stay,
A staff of strength through life's dark way.

I have nothing left on which to lean,
It is buried deep in the dark unseen,
And my bleeding heart would ever be
Beside thine own at rest with thee.

Once you were a maiden young and fair,
With raven curly waving hair,
Your cheeks were as the roses bright,
That blossom in the morning light.

But now is hidden from my gaze
The lovely one of bygone days ;
Yet faith has made me look beyond,
When thou shalt rise in Eden's morn.

'Tis there I'll greet thee as of yore,
'Tis there we'll meet to part no more,
And happy then we'll be indeed,
When we from sin and death are freed.

The Poet's Farewell to Earth.

Farewell, old Earth, from all thy scenes I go,
I've many a winter seen of sleet and snow,
The Poet's eyes to heaven were lifted,
His thoughts, his mind to glory drifted,
And soon will bid them all adieu,
His journey here is nearly through,
And brighter scenes will meet his view—
Old Earth with all thy scenes, adieu, adieu.

And light from His unsullied brow,
That gloomy cloud is lifting now,
And what a strength of light and shade,
Is checkering all the earth below,
And flitting in the fragrant air,
Or nestling in the shadowy trees,
A thousand bright-hued birds are there,
Strange plumage quivering wild and rare.

CHORUS—

With every faintly breathing breeze,
And wet with dews from roses shed,
The bluebird droops her weary head,
Forgetful of her melodies.

Uprising from the orange leaves,
The tall pagoda's turret glow,
O'er graceful shafts and fretted eaves,
Its verdant web the myrtle weaves,
And hangs in flowering wreaths below,
And where the clustered palms eclipse,
The moonbeams from its marble lips,
The fountain's silver waters flow.

What though with every fitful gush
Of night wind spicy odors rush,
And hues of beauty glow and flush,
From matted vines and wild roses' blush,
And music from the wildwood's hum
Stealing through the moonlit rays is seen,
Afar from all my spirit seems,—
Still of heaven the poet dreams.

Plea to Temperance.

Tune: "America."

Firm for our temperance band,
Each one of us will stand,
From rum we'll refrain,
While life remains;
Longing to set us free,
From all impurity,
From all that stains.

But babbling brook our own,
'Tis there we'll ever drink;
And stronger grow,
Reaches the world around;
Where any brook is found,
They ne'er have been bound
By any wrong.

Trusting in God alone,
Our work for right has grown,
To world's wide strength.
Most loyal let us be,
To temperance purity,
To Him who made us free
From sin at length.

That all the poor may rest,
Beneath their own vines blest,
In glorious peace.
That death and hell may yield
And human hearts long steeled
By love's pure drops unshieled
From warfare cease.

O, then in God's great name,
Let each pure spirit flame,
Burn bright and clear.
Stand firmly in your lot,
Cry ye aloud, doubt not,
Be every fear forgot,
Christ leads us here.

So shall earth's distant lands,
In happy, holy bands,
One holy choir,
Together rise and sing,
Gifts to one altar bring,
To heaven's eternal king,
Proclaims it good.

The Christian's Protest Against War.

Sheath your burnished steel,
Let not the cannon peal,
Nor roll of drum.
Come ye in bands of love,
Our white flag float above,
Its emblem is the dove,
'Tis thus we come.

The laws of Christian light,
These are our weapons bright,
Our mighty shield.
Christ is our leader high,
And the broad plains which lie
Beneath the vernal sky,
Our battle field.

Gold is the world's intent,
On which each heart is bent,
Our host among.
It is that hate may die,
That war's red curse may fly,
And war's high praise for aye
No more be sung.

Hymn.

Describing a storm on the sea of Galilee.

The clouds were dark and stormy be
Upon the sea of Galilee,
There arose a mighty tempest
On that wild and raging sea,
And fierce the raging winds that blew
A ship was upon the wave,
Tossed by the raging stormy winds
On the sea of Galilee.

That noble crew all dismantled they
In the tempest far away,
They knelt upon the deck to pray
In their danger and dismay,
But lo, a heavenly messenger
Midst the raging storm is seen,
'Tis Christ, the everlasting King,
On the sea of Galilee.

He bids the storm king stay his hand,
Every raging wave did stay,
"Peace be still"! the Lord commanded.
The storm quickly passed away,
And leaves a calm and sunny day,
The crew sang hallelujahs,
And o'er the waves the anthem rang,
On the sea of Galilee.

Have you ever heard the story,
He was born in Bethlehem,
Yes, in a manger far away.
Herod sought the child to slay,
Mary to her bosom clasped the child,
And with Joseph fled away,
He was yet a man to be
On the sea of Galilee.

Guided by the star of Bethlehem,
From the East three wise men came,
To see where this Redeemer lie.
Then shepherds caught up the lay
And gave praise to their God that day,
And watched their flocks on the way,
He was a messenger to be
On the sea of Galilee.

Anthem.

T'was then the anthem broke on Bethlehem's plains,
The earth then echoed to the heavenly strains,
While flowing fountains crept from Judea's hills,
Through plains and meadows flowed the rippling rills.

Then "glory to God most high" while shepherds sang,
Yet while joyful strains were heard from angels rang,
The Saviour said "To earth let peace be given,"
And join the everlasting choir of heaven.

Now let all the sleeping empires of the earth,
Let them unite all souls in heavenly mirth,
Let them in prayer bow down before our King
And the heavenly anthems forever sing.

Now let us send out the tidings of good will,
The precious work of his mercy to fulfil,
Let the gospel be heard in every land,
Let us ever work and aid the angel band.

Lines.

Upon the death of HIRAM B. SEAVEY, died Dec. 4,
1894.

Tune in New Jubilee Harp.

While the good man was sinking in stillness to rest,
And the last beams of daylight were dim in the west,
While our brother is passing calmly away,
In deep meditation where e're his path lay.

CHORUS—

And deep was her sorrow and fervent her prayer,
While down o'er her bosom rolled fountains of tears.

We standing near his cottage, there fell on our ears
A voice of deep anguish from one that was near,
The tones of her agony melted our hearts,
Like flowing fountains the last misty past.

While offering to heaven her strong, earnest prayer,
She spoke of the sorrows a widow must bear,
Her prayers, a ransom, she offered to give,
That her companion in glory might live.

And deep was her sorrow, so fervent her prayer,
While down o'er her bosom rolled fountains of tears,
She wept to behold him in death's dread name,
She answered, 'tis sorrow, from heaven it came.

The Ancient Poet.

(REVISED.)

A hillside cot in Mexico,
Down in the State of Maine,
There lives an aged poet,
Unknown in halls of fame.

Amid falling dews where glitter
The starry orbs at night,
I oft have seen him roaming,
In youthful morning bright.

As years roll on I still see him
Moving with faltering tread,
His raven locks, now silvered,
Adorn the poet's head.

Soon all his earthly toil will cease,
And he rest free from care,
But still the poet's name will live,
And win of fame its share.

We have seen the glittering badge,
Upon the poet's breast,
That cost so many nights of toil,
In striving for the best.

He may be found with pen in hand,
At the dead hours of night,
His mind and soul all in his rhymes,
His poems clear and bright.

The poet, though old they call him,
Still lives to bless his race,
And from his pen bright poems,
A monarch's table grace.

Hail ye, thy bard, the omen fair,
Of conquest and of fame,
And loud proclaim to all the world,
The Pine Tree poet's name.

Christopher Columbus.

(A Genoa navigator who sailed from Spain in 1492, first discovered the West Indies. Its scenes described in a poem.)

Washed by the waters of a stormy sea,
There lies afar the islands of the blest,
Lulled in the bosom of dim mystery,
Sunk in the slumber of an endless rest,

Unseen by a Spanish eye those verdant isles,
Since many a sailor hath sought their resting place,
Lured by the charms of a siren's smile,
The eager eye that strives their shore to trace.

The Pinta lightly danced o'er the waves,
She fleeing, ever fleeing from their shore,
The Spanish shore, the desert sand they leave,
And soon gained their safe retreat.

Genoa's strains were heard to sweep the air,
Thrilling with sweetest fantasies the breast;
And oft the zephyrs on their bosoms bare,
Rare odors from the islands of the blest.

And oft the sailor's merry eye hath seen,
In strange visions, mountains rising far away,
All clad in glistening pearl and golden sheen,
And amber colored hues of parting day.

Columbus' spirit vision had revealed,
Bright glimpses of a mystic land of light,
And loneliness to human vision-sealed,
The ultimatum of the fancy's flight.

O happy isles, your beauty still shall beam
Upon the poet's unencumbered eyes,
While the rapt Christian of his heaven shall dream
Or Moslem of his promised paradise.

Thus to his fond imagining appear,
Now unveiled, the noble islands of the sea,
Forever in beauty, forever be,
Beneath the vernal of unending skies.

Drunkard's Reform.

"Tune: "Bonny Doone."

A youthful bride with mirth and glee,
Smiled brightly on a summer's day,
She gave her heart and hand to be—
To love and serve him, yea or nay;
And those who saw his noble smile,
And knew how good and mild was she,
Said as they quaffed the sparkling wine,
Oh happy, happy they will be.

A few short years—they swiftly glide,
A noble son to them was given;
The mother's joy, the father's pride,
A blessed gift bestowed by heaven.
How could he with such prospects bright,
Neglect the ones he loved so well,
And bring to them such woe and blight,
By visiting those dens of hell.

The wife he once so fondly loved,
No smile from him does she receive,
And only Him who rules above,
Can comfort in this hour of grief.
"Oh! mother! mother!" cries the child,
His face lit up with heavenly glee,
"My father's signed the temperance pledge
How happy, happy we shall be."

Again she bends a happy knee,
Before her God in humble prayer;
In holy, holy beauty she,
With joy she meets the Saviour there,
And now the father bows beside
His angel wife and child to pray,
And pleads for strength for him to guide,
That from his cup to turn away.

Slavery Abolished in Great Britain, August 28, 1833.

No roll of drum, no call to arms,
Britian saw with deep disdain,
The foul reproach, the coward's stain,
The character of blood.

She saw and swept her shame away,
While shouting 'round in thick array,
Her patriarch champions stood
For Freedom's noble cause.

Proud was the morn's whose early beams
Saw Pitt and Fox untiring stand,
And side by side in holy band,
Their country's battle fighting.

The arm of God was theirs,
He fights for Freedom's cause,
From their long bondage
He'll set them free.

How shall they hail with rapture high
This day's revolving sun,
And hear our songs of triumph tell
The prize for which they fought so well.

The virtuous prize is won,
No lordly hosts were marshalled on the plain;—
The House to order called:
By Pitt and Fox the roll was put.

"Stand firm," said they,
"Strike for Freedom's cause this day!"
Then spoke their noble lord, "Know ye not,
From their long bondage with outstretched hand,
God led the Hebrew slaves.

"Oh, fools and blind! we have no call to arms
To free our slaves,
Call at once this House to order,
And test your sacred honor."

Lo! God is great! He stands for Freedom's cause!
We seek the ancient date
In the volume of that sacred book,
When Egypt sent her slaves from the state.

But the fair daughter of the British Isle
Are brighter days attending,
An olive wreath with myrtle twined,
Around thy sceptre blending.

Your noble statesmen will sleep
Where each flower is nursed with love's fond tear,
Your Queen her signature and seal
Has placed with pleasure and delight,
But Pitt and Fox have done the work.

A Poem Upon the Battle of Bunker Hill.

June 17, 1775, between Col. Prescott, American, and
Gen. Howe, British.

On Bunker's heights the men of freedom boldly stood,
And there they sleep, the men who stood
In arms before the exulting sun,
And bathed their spears in Briton's blood,
And taught the Britons how freedom might be won.

They sleep! The Olympic wreaths are dead,
The anthem lyres are hushed and gone,
Their morning voice of song is fled;
Slumber, ye mighty! slumber on.

They sleep! And seems not all around,
As hallowed unto glory's tomb,
Silence is on the battle ground,
The heavens are loaded with a breathless gloom.

Glimmering stars are watching their heights,
But dimly seen through mist and cloud,
And still and solemn is the light
Which folds the plain as with a glimmering shroud.

And thou, pale night queen, here thy beams
Are not as those the shepherds loved,
Nor look they down on shining streams,
By naiads haunted in their laurel groves.

Thou seest no pastoral hamlet sleep,
In shadowy quiet midst its vines,
No temple gleaming from the steep,
Midst the grey oaks or the mountain pines.

But o'er the dim and rugged waste,
Thy rays, even like a tomb's lamp brood,
Where many departed steps are traced
Out by his dust amidst the solitude.

And be it thus, what slaves shall tread
O'er freedom's ancient battlefields,
Yet desert wrapped the glorious dead,
When their bright land sits weeping o'er her slain.

Here where the Briton's cannon rung,
And where the Hessian's sword flashed high,
And where the martial strains were sung
From year to year, swelled on by Liberty.

Here should no voice, no sound be heard,
Until the land of Briton's be riven,
Save of the leader's charging word,
Or the shrill trumpet peeling up through heaven.

Rest in your silent homes, ye braves,
No stone marks your lonely graves,
No harvest o'er your war field waves,
Till rushing winds proclaim the land is free.

Now on yon Bunker's noble crest
A monument in grandeur stands,
To mark the spot
Where freedom once her battle fought.

**The American Army Takes Possession
of Dorchester Heights March 4, 1776,
British Leave Boston March 17, 1776.**

Its scenes described in a poem.

Across Dorchester's frozen neck the fearless warriors
passed,
And from the bosom of the wilderness
There leaped a spirit and a power to cast
The weight of bondage down, and bright and fast,
And the frozen waters joyously and free,
Frozen to the desert rocks, nor rushed at last,
Through the far valleys, till the patriots free
Had fortified to the frozen sea,
And driven the tyrants from their shores
And planted freedom's noble banner there.

The ice vaults trembled when their picks came rending
The frozen stillness which round them hung,
From cliff to cliff their picks resounding,
Gave answer till the sky blue hollow rung,
And the yankees signal through the midnight sprung,
From the serener rocks like banners streaming
To the far east, whence light was flung
On Dorchester's crest till all the red ocean gleaming,
Shone out a meteor, heaven in its wild splendor seem-
ing.

While freedom's noble sons their picks were plying
To the frozen earth, but not in vain,
'Ere two days a fortification they had raised
To meet a Briton's astonished wondering gaze,
Heaped up the frozen earth, freedom's cause to save,
And o'er a city's slumbering towers, and shines
Redening the distant wine, cup-crowned and bright,
In Warren's dwelling flowed through leafless vines,
From Stark's hearth streamed forth the festive light,
And Erin's blind old sire gave thanks to heaven
that night.

Then on the silence of the snows there lie
A Sabbath quiet, sunshine and its bell
Filled the hushed air awhile with its lonely sway,
For the stream's voice was chained by winter's spell,
The deep wood sound had ceased, but rocks and dells
Rang forth 'ere long, when strains of jubilee
Pealed from the mountain churches, with a swell
Of praise to Him who stills the raging sea,
For Briton's sons had left Boston free.

Poem to the Pine Tree State.

Down in the old Pine Tree State,
Each fleeting triumph destined to adorn
They that of powers and kingdoms lost and freedom
won,
Have seen the noontide and the setting sun,
Consummate still in every grace remains,
As o'er their heads had ages rolled in vain,
Ages victorious in their ceaseless flight,
O'er countless monuments of earthly might,
While she from fair Byzantium's lost domain,
Who bore those treasures to her ocean reign,
Midst the blue deep who reared her island throne,
And called the infinitude of waves her own.
England the proud, the regent of the sea,
We welcome from chains the trophies of the free.

And thou, whose eagle towering plume unfurled,
Now cast its shadow o'er a vassal world.
European cities, round whose costly thrones
The lords of nations knelt in ages flown,
Will kneel beneath the banner of the free
As fleeting time shall ever onward roll,
Immortal records of their glorious prime.
But down in the old Pine Tree State
Men of art and science doth abound;
There still dwells your ancient bard,
And once again with fond delight surveys
The proud memorial of thy noblest day,
As in his youth long time ago,
In days forever passed and gone.

But here in the Pine Tree State
Men of art, sculptors of renown,
Hail to the scene again where genius caught
Disputed trophies claimed by art and time,
From the sculptor's favors of diviner thought,
His works of art are wrought,
Each bold idea borrowed from the sky,
To vest imbodied form of deity.
All arts in the ennobled and refined,
Breathe and enchant transcendently combined.
Sons of Maine in years that's gone,
Have bowed in speechless homage at thy throne,
And days unborn and nations yet to be,
Shall gaze abashed in ecstasy on thee.

Our old Pine Tree State of granite doth produce
The finest granite for the sculptor's use;
At World's Fair our State House doth adorn,
And mark yon group transfixed with many a glance,
One sealed with the image of our Dirigo,
With lovely truth's mildest power expressed.
Men of honor and renown our commission fill,
Where freedom triumphed, or where wisdom taught.

* * * * *

Away down in the old Pine Tree State
O' Maine, thou sapient nurse of finer arts,
Which to bright science blooming fancy bears,
Be this thy praise, that in arts thou alone
In these has led the way, in these excelled,
Crowned with the laurels of assenting time.

To the Androscoggin River.

I will sing of thy praise noble river,
So grand in thy course to the sea:
Thou wilt be dear to my heart forever,
While memory lingers with me.

I have known thee from earliest childhood,
'Till my head is silvered with gray;
And along thy banks in the dark wildwood,
I've gamboled in my youthful play.

But now, when old age is o'er me creeping,
And friends of youth have gone away;
I turn to thee and in sorrow weeping,
And bitter tears I shed to-day.

I hear thy sweet voice in plaintive murmur
But cheering as a friend of old;
And I linger, yes I fondly linger,
To hear the tale you've often told.

And I look into thy mystic waters,
Reflecting friends of long ago;
Dear friends whom I have fondly cherished,
When life and health was all aglow.

I look at the landscape all around me,
Dear nooks in hill and dale and glen;
I think of the time when those about me,
Were vigorous and happy men.

But where are they now, those pleasant faces?
So often met in former life;
Gone like the waves of the flowing river,
Out on the sea of busy strife.

Yet how long it may be mine to linger,
Ere I cross to the shining shore:
Is in the hands of the all-wise Father,
And he will safely take me o'er.

Then fare-thee-well to the grand old river,
As in thy course will onward sweep;
Thou may flow on to the sea forever,
While by thy side I'll calmly sleep.

I will ask for no tomb with marble walls,
Only a niche on thy shady shore;
Where thy gentle voice will hush me to sleep
When all my earthly work is o'er.

Lines Upon an Erring Lady of Beauty.

Described in a poem.

Once I knew a lady fair
With curly, wavy, raven hair,
Her cheeks were of the brightest hue,
Her curly locks the breezes blew.

She far excelled the blushing rose,
Her lovely beauty all adored,
Enamored with her beauty bright,
To all she was an angel of light.

As down life's path she gently trod,
By vanity her head was turned,
She floated with the human tide,
But in virtue's path did not abide.

Many a noble heart she won,
Many were by her undone,
And in the surging wave of sin,
The fair but erring one plunged in.

A life of pleasure she pursued
With many a sport and many a dude,
With drunkards oft she drinks the cup
That poison all who take it up.

Next see her in a house of shame,
Where in her youth she soiled her name,
Where pleasure fills the cruel sting,
That all who enter in must bring.

From this to dungeon cell she passed,
Sinners meet their doom at last.
Now all her false friends she bewails,
At work they place her in the jail.

And then the jailor turns the key,
Once more she's gained her liberty.
Again she walks the street at night,
There's none to keep her in the right.

No more a father's watchful care,
Nor mother's love will reach her there,
Her secret sins have brought her low,
To the station she's obliged to go.

Now, in yon churchyard she is sleeping,
Old friends around her grave are weeping.
Now by these lines take warning all,
Tread virtue's path, or you may fall.

The Storms of Life.

While storms without and tempest blow,
 Let peace within my bosom blow,
 When nature seeks with fond caressing
 To clothe the earth in verdant dressing,
 Let us to the God of heaven sing,
 To our everlasting heavenly king.

We see the golden hues adorning,
 As the coming sun gives morn'ng,
 That throws its brilliant rays to the west,
 And bids the storm king stay at rest,
 Let peace be here and hope and love,
 And unto the Supreme above.

A crimson lance hangs in the sky,
 Smiles faintly where the sunbeam lies,
 See it is opening thus afar,
 And thus dispels the morning star,
 But yonder comes the king of day,
 Rejoicing on the shining way,
 Peeps into my humble dwelling,
 While my heart with grief is swelling.

Poem.

HATTIE BARTLETT, SALEM, MASS.

Found written in the sleeve of my blouse. My son, who was in the union army, Joseph E. Carr, drew the blouse with the above address in the sleeve and immediately wrote home to his father, E. G. Carr, in Mexico, Me., sending the address, to compose him a poem about it April 8, 1863.

• Hattie Bartlett receives a salute,
 A soldier leaves laurels to weave,
 The leaves of the myrtle of rhyme,
 In a wreath to the name in his sleeve.

Perchance as you bent o'er this task,
 Was your needle less bright than a tear
 That flashed on your tremulous hand,
 At thought of some corporal dear.

When seizing a pencil you wrote
A furtive address that he'd find,
Should fortune attend him to draw
His love as his clothing in kind.

Must love lose its labor alas,
A lass ever weep o'er it ended,
The blouse you intended for him,
It never reached him your intended.

But bitter as bitter the thought,
Perchance it would shock you to see
This piece of love's handiwork lost
On a Badger captain like me.

No doubt too I need but to see,
The smile light that beam in your face.
Till a Badger state captain like me
Would be glad of a corporal's place.

Yet Hat, pray be kind, would not you
If I call you Hattie my dear,
Relinquish a corporalcy there
And accept a captaincy here.

Were this pleasantry thus carried out,
I venture 'twould ne'er be thought harm,
That even a puritan maid
Should have hung on a captain's arm.

The Five New England Poets.

Although I still should live to be
The last leaf on our poet's tree.

Still on that topmost branch alive,
Till of late our famous five.

And one the bard of hearth and home
Wheresoever your poet roams.

Your poet one of loftier themes,
And the great souls deepest dreams.

Our satiers pungent thrusts to reach,
Through our homeliest sounds of speech.

And shaping fine his poem's praise,
To New England scenes and ways.

Shot with many an impulse strong,
Zeal for right and hate for wrong.

And still his rhymes the loveliest place,
Thus his deeds, his thoughts, his race.

He lives, the fifth late singing yet,
Lays betimes to sorrow set.

Still singing late but ever sweet,
What he lovingly repeats.

Yet how many a lovely strain,
By the poet sweetly framed.

May ever catch the learned ear,
Lays the social bard to cheer.

Its not beyond our choicest arts,
Most tender touch of the heart.

It changes quick from gay to grave,
Its most gentle, sweet and brave.

Your four New England poets past
And yet I am of the last.

Four in the church yard calmly lie,
I, the fifth, must shortly die.

Yet how sweet their memory still,
Those days of youthful skill.

Yet many songs and many keys,
Some to rouse and some to please.

Grows with my growing years,
Fed by smiles and fed by tears.

Still let us pray that on our tree,
Yet still this last leaf may be.

Still on that old farsaken bough,
Nay that throne, his only now.

Throne of lovely poses that bore,
Till of late died our famous four.

On the bough remains one leaf more,
Who writes as in days before.

A monument above our graves,
Marks where sleeps the poets brave.

And yet these poets names shall live,
And win of fame its share.

Hymn.

I'll put my trust in God on high,
Who rules the earth and sky,
In him who hears the raven's cry,
Him I'll trust till I die.

A pilgrim here on earth I roam,
Far from my native home,
And still He doeth all things well,
While here on earth I dwell.

How are thy servants blest, O Lord,
How sure are their defence,
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning realms I passed unhurt,
And breathed in tainted air.

God's mercy sweetened all my toils,
Made every region please,
On every sea and every soil,
Where man is found to toil.

The pine tree hills I'd left behind,
To satisfy the mind,
Some fair land o'er the sea to find,
Dear Lord they all were thine.

At thy word the storms retire,
Obedient to thy will,
The sea that roars at thy command,
At thy command is stilled.

Those wide extended elysian fields,
By poet's fancy seen,
With fragrant flowers ever green,
By mortal eye ne'er seen.

Lines on the Blowing up of the Battleship Maine,

At Havana Harbor, Feb. 15, '98, at 9.40 P. M.

Tune: Home Sweet Home.

The battleship Maine was our great Nation's pride,
Once on the deep ocean so gently did glide;
She bore on her deck, a most valiant, brave crew,
All dressed in the mariner's bright union blue.

CHORUS—Spain, Spain, proud old Spain,
The Yankees will thrash you for sinking the
Maine.

“Now go down to Havana,” said President Mac,
“And be quiet and peaceful and don’t hurry back;
For you know Uncle Samuel don’t want any row
With poor Sister Spain, for she has enough now.”

CHORUS—Spain, Spain, etc.

The ship safely sailed and arrived at the port,
And anchored at once by Morro’s great fort;
And the brave boys in blue knew no danger was nigh,
But calmly they slept ’neath a warm southern sky.

CHORUS—Spain, Spain, etc.

O treacherous Spain, you must thought it quite fine
To anchor our ship by a sub-marine mine;
But you made a mistake, as you very well know,
For now Uncle Samuel will deal a hard blow.

CHORUS—Spain, Spain, etc.

Hark! hark! with a crash like a thunder-bolt riven,
That reached from the Maine to the judgment of
Heaven;

And three hundred bold seamen as e’er faced the wave,
Were hurled from their slumbers to a watery grave.

CHORUS—Spain, Spain, etc.

Their last throbs of anguish were fearfully given,
And the eye gleamed forth in its meekness to Heaven
And the last groan of pain rose wild and in vain,
As death brooded over the pride of the main.

CHORUS—Spain, Spain, etc.

Ye tyrants, ye butchers, ye Blancos and Weylers,
Go back to your bull-fights with all of your sailors;
For the eagle now screams from each topmast and
vane,
And the stars and stripes echo “Remember the Maine.”

CHORUS—Spain, Spain, etc.

Ye bold freemen, how long then with Spain will ye
trifle,
Out, out with the sword and the sharp-shooting rifle;
The flag of our navy fling out to the breeze,
And sink every Spaniard that sails o’er the seas.

CHORUS—Spain, Spain, etc.

Commodore George Dewey,

The Hero of Vermont.

"Now," says Commodore Dewey, "Vermonters come
down,
With your sharpshooting rifles and jackets of brown,
With the starspangled flag—red, white and blue—come
To the gathering summons of trumpet and drum.

Come down with your rifles, let gray wolf and fox
Howl on in the shade of their primitive rocks,
Let the bear feed securely from pigpen and stall,
Here's a two legged game for your powder and ball.

On our sea comes the Spaniards enveloped in grease,
And arming for battle while canting of peace,
On the sea, crafty Montejo has gathered his band,
To hang up our leaders and eat out our land.

Ho! all to the rescue, for Satan shall work no gain
For his legions of Cuba and Spain,
They claim our possessions, the pitiful knave,
The tribute we pay shall be prison and grave.

Old Spain still threatens but does Congress complain,
Swarms her ships in arms on our border again,
Bark the war dogs of old Spain aloud on the lake.
Let them come; what they can, they're welcome to take.

What seek they among us? the pride of our wealth?
Is comfort, contentment and labor and health,
And lands which as freemen we only have trod,
Independent of all save the mercies of God?

Yet we owe no allegiance, we bow to no throne,
Our ruler is law and the law is our own,
Our leaders themselves are our own fellow men,
Who can handle the sword or the scythe or the pen.

Hurrah for Vermont, for the land which we till,
Must have sons to defend her from valley and hill,
Leave the harvest to rot on the field where it grows,
And the reaping of wheat, for the reaping of foes.

The Scenes of Nature.

Tune: "Home, Sweet Home."

With the dawn of the morning I always arise,
To look on kind nature with joy and surprise;
The stars, then shining so bright and so clear,
By the sun's powerful rays they all disappear.

My love for kind nature has always been strong,
I've loved her truly, I've loved her long;
The earth's summer garb fills my heart with
delight,
And still she's as fair in her garment of white.

And songs from the forest birds strike on my ear,
I listen with pleasure their notes for to hear;
And often while thunder is pealing at night,
I'm filled with wonder, with joy and delight.

I walk by the waterfall in the wild wood,
To hear it roar as in days of my childhood;
In the spray the bright rainbow I quickly behold,
So lovely tinted with silver and gold.

I walk o'er the meadows, am filled with delight,
In viewing the flowers of azure and white;
And then to the wildwood my feet swiftly glide
To see the old forest trees wave in their pride.

The stars in the heavens while shining so bright,
They fill my glad bosom with joy and delight,
And each constellation speaks loudly in praise
Of Him who created those bright, shining rays.

In viewing creation below and above,
My mind is all drawn in affection and love,
To Him who commenced and closed up the plan
For the perfect enjoyment of woman and man.

INDEX.

	PAGE.
Preface, - - - - -	2
Scenes of Youth with My First Bride, Beside the Merrimac River, Mass., - - -	3
My Bride's Dreamless Sleep, - - -	4
In Memory of My Bride, - - -	5
Lines Composed on the Death of My First Bride,	5
Lines on the Death of My Second Bride, -	7
Lines, - - - - -	7
My Bride's Beauty in Youth, - - -	8
In the Dell, - - - - -	9
Lines, - - - - -	9
The Mariner's Return, - - - -	10
Youth, - - - - -	10
A Sonnet, - - - - -	11
Lines on the Death of My First Bride, -	11
My Wish, - - - - -	12
The Poet's Fishing Day, - - - -	13
Lines on the Death of Mrs. Julia Shaw, -	14
The Rum Shop, - - - - -	15
My First and Last Visit With My Sister, Mrs. Julia Shaw and Her Husband and Daughter,	16
Apostrophe to the Twin Villages, Foxcroft and Dover, - - - - -	17
The Sun, - - - - -	17
Hymn, - - - - -	18
Lines on the Death of Mr. Osgood Carr, -	19
A Picture of the Past, - - - -	20
I Have Lain Her to Rest; - - - -	21
My First Bride, - - - - -	21
Poem, - - - - -	23

	PAGE.
Hymn, - - - - -	24
Dens of Hell, - - - - -	25
Description of a Battle between Capt. Chamberlain and Paugus, an Indian Chief, - -	25
Ode to Peace, - - - - -	26
My Treasure, - - - - -	27
The Poet's Farewell to Earth, - - -	28
Plea to Temperance, - - - - -	29
The Christian's Protest Against War, -	30
Hymn, - - - - -	31
Anthem, - - - - -	32
Lines, - - - - -	32
The Ancient Poet, - - - - -	33
Christopher Columbus, - - - - -	34
Drunkard's Reform, - - - - -	35
Slavery Abolished in Great Britain, Aug. 28, 1833, - - - - -	35
A Poem Upon the Battle of Bunker Hill, -	37
The American Army Takes Possession of Dorchester Heights, March 4, 1776, British Leave Boston, March 17, 1776, - - - - -	38
Poem to the Pine Tree State, - - - - -	39
To the Androscoggin River, - - - - -	41
Lines Upon an Erring Lady of Beauty, -	42
The Storms of Life, - - - - -	43
Poem, - - - - -	43
The Five New England Poets, - - - - -	44
Lines on the Blowing Up of the Battleship Maine, - - - - -	46
Commodore George Dewey, - - - - -	48
The Scenes of Nature, - - - - -	49

1890

1891

1892

1893

1894

1895

1896

1897

1898

1899

1900

1901

1902

1903

1904

1905

1906

1907

1908

1909

1910

1911

1912

1913

1914

1915

1916

1917

1918

1919

1920

1921

1922

1923

1924

1925

1926

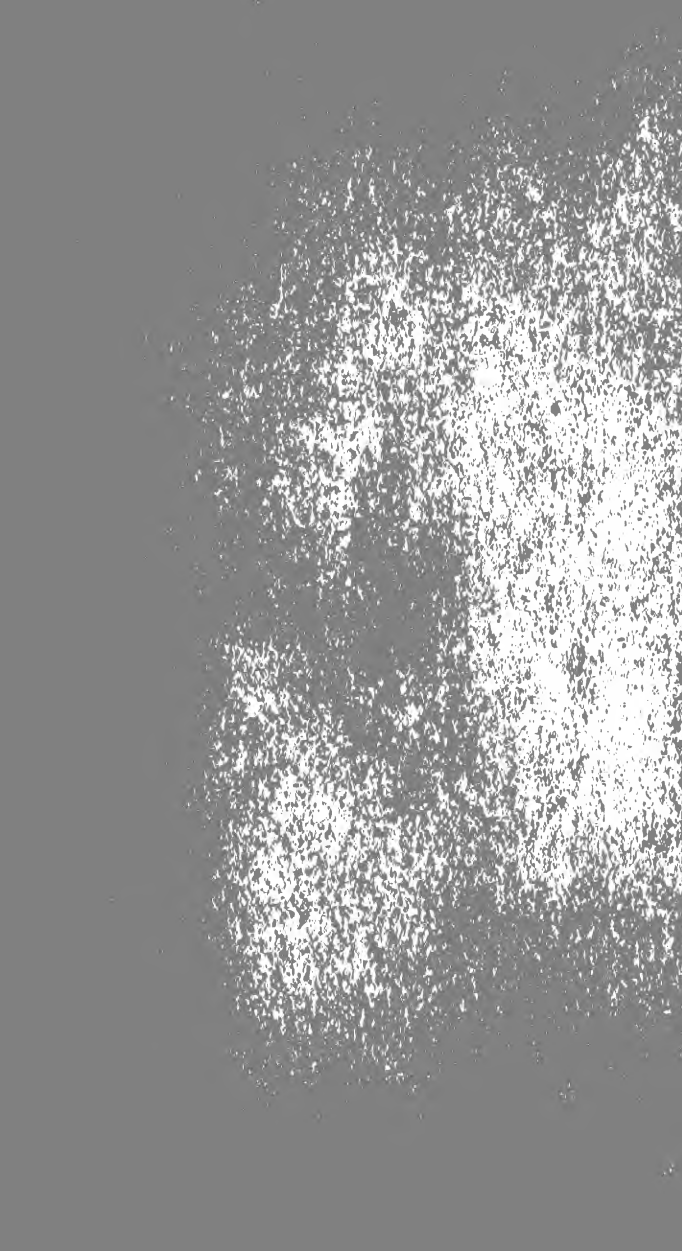
1927

1928

1929

1930

H248 78 535





Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Sept. 2009

PreservationTechnologies

A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 785 543 8